



AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

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POETRY.

TO THE MOON.

O gentle orb! roll on thy way,
Along thy heavenly dome of blue;
And o'er the landscape throw thy ray,
And robe it in thy silver hue.

O let thy soft, thy peerless beam
Fall brightly on the rippling stream,
As joyous as at dawn of time,
When first was lit thine azure clime.

How cheering was thy first-born light,
That on the towers of Eden shone,
When starry spheres repelled the night,
As circling round thee, on thy throne:
How purely on the Savior's brow,
O pensive Moon, as bright as now,
When in Gethsemane he prayed,
Thy wild refugence gently played.

Thy brightest ray beamed o'er the heaven,
When walking on the billowy foam,
The Saviour stood, at calm of even,
And hushed the surges, all his own!
Or when upon Mount Olivet
The gentle breeze was stealing by,
Where Christ his chosen band had met,
Thy purest light shone from the sky.

O, often then upon the form
Of him so meek, was lit thy smile,
Whom cruel man alone could scorn,
And e'en his holy name revile.
Or if thou couldst, thou wouldst have wept
When all his own beloved slept,
As 'neath the dewy palm he prayed
The bitter cup might yet be stayed.

Spirit of the Press.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

Evening Music at Sea.

BY A QUONDAM SAILOR.

If music be the food of love play on;
Give me excess of it.

That strain again; it hath a dying fall.
SHAKESPEARE.

ON one of the delicious afternoons of February, peculiar to the West Indies, as the sun was declining below the western horizon, the beautiful Hornet lay in a calm near the Island of Cuba. The sea uncommonly smooth, imparted hardly sufficient motion to the buoyant

ship, to disturb the sails as they lay listlessly against the masts. I had never, until then, fully realized the oft repeated comparison of the bosom of the ocean to a mirror; but now, the truth of it came home to me, and I felt that there was sublimity, even in the calm of the 'vast deep.' I could not gaze on it without being reminded, by contrast, of the tempest that at times swept over it: and thus was its stillness associated with its commotion, its quiet with its power.

But though no breath raised a ripple on its surface, there was a ceaseless but gentleswell, as if amid the coral bed beneath some lonely water spirit slumbered, while the waters above rose and fell with its steady breathing. Occasionally a 'sorrowing sea bird' would flit by unheeded, or descending, kiss the wave, soar aloft again till lost in space. Then would a shining dolphin push in pursuit of the terrified flying fish; and anon glisten in the far depths, almost shedding light through the waters with the gloss of his silvery sides.

The sun was setting. How glowingly came upon me the force of these lines—

'Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.'

The whole ocean seemed of liquid gold: and the sky, far up, glowed as if some blazing spirit hovered in the void. The rays of the sun penetrating the water horizontally, looked like gilded cords, so distinct and brilliant was the refraction. It was a scene to inspire emotion of a lofty character. Before us was the glorious orb of light and life, sinking as it were, to rest in the wave-washed caverns of the deep; beneath, rolled the limitless ocean—fit emblem of the eternity over which we hovered; and above, spread the viewless ether, reflecting the deep blue of the wave beneath, unmarred by a single cloud.

At this hour, a few of the officers assembled on the fore-castle to contemplate the scene! and recalling the joys of other days, to hold that converse, which, in a small degree, alleviates the privations of a seaman's life. With characteristic versatility, they passed from topic to topic, seldom dwelling long on one, till as the shades of twilight fell around, their feelings assumed a congenial

hue, and graver themes were touched. The pall of night, thick set with stars, was thrown about the expiring day, and the moon, shaking off her watery panoply, rose full and clear, shedding a broad stream of silver light as far as the eye could reach.

Then it was, the remembrances of the past crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers, lulling the feelings to that delicious calmness, which pleasant memories always inspire, and which none feel more sensibly than the tempest-tost mariner. The father dwelt in tenderness with his distant family; the brother recalled the unbidden assiduities of a sister's love; and the son, as he leaned against the mast, his features set in a sedateness of sober reflection, felt his heart softened by the recollection of a mother's care. But few remarks were made. All felt that the silence which reigned above, beneath and around, should not be disturbed. Each one had retired to the recess of his own heart—a sanctuary too sacred to be violated.

Such was the state of feeling, when a clear melodious voice, poured forth the first line of that exquisite song,—*'Home, sweet home!'* As the words, 'Mid pleasures and palaces' swelled upon the air, a single exclamation of pleasure escaped the hearers, and they again relapsed into silence. We had often heard the song, but never heard it so thrillingly as then. Had it been sung by even an ordinary performer, its effect would have been great; but breathed, as it was, with a fervor and feeling I have never known excelled, in a voice full, manly and touching, it could not but produce a powerful impression. As the singer proceeded, the circle was augmented. The sturdy seaman seating himself with calm gravity, by the side of the youthful midshipman, listened with enthralled attention. The man whose locks were whitened, equally with the boy whose features were unmarked by the furrows of time and care, seemed to drink in the beautiful words as a healing draught.

Oh, how magical is music at such an hour! It comes to the heart like a flood of sunshine, dispelling its gathered mists, and causing high aspirations to spring into strength and beauty. The whole man is elevated above the narrowness of earth, and he seeks in

thought to communicate with the intelligences of a higher world, and with that Being

'Who plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

Thus were the feelings of the listening group, when the performer, at the close of the first verse, eloquently burst forth with the words,—"There's no place like home!" An emotion was visible in all. There was a slight tremor in his voice, showing that he felt the influence of the line, and when he concluded it, his pause was longer than usual and a deep sigh escaped him.

When he recommenced,—"An exile from home,"—the agitation in those around was merged in attention to the song, but his increased. His face was slightly averted, and the rays of the moon as they fell upon it, and glistened in the tear that rested upon his cheek gave additional effect to the expression almost of agony, stamped upon his features. He was indeed, as I know, 'an exile from home,'—though from what cause I never could discover,—and the smothered grief of years was now loosed, and flowed in unrestrained power over him.

He continued. As the song drew to a close, his emotion increased with that of every one who listened. At length as the line—"There's no place like home"—rose on the stillness of the hour the last time, a rush of feeling was evident, which, in many, showed itself in tears! The man who from childhood had braved the foaming brine, and had stood without a tear on the brink of eternity, and he who an outcast from the society of the virtuous and good, knew no 'home,' alike with the being of turbid passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute to him who had so well timed, and so feelingly executed, one of the most grateful songs that ever greets a seaman's ear.

Oh! it was good to look on men I had considered hardened in iniquity, thus throwing open the floodgates of long pent affections, that they might once more gladden and purify the soul. I could not think such men entirely lost; I could now look on human nature in a fairer and more pleasing aspect.

No one spoke: and after a few moments, in which all else was banished in one dear thought of the distant home we had exchanged for our 'home upon the deep,' each one sought his pillow, I do not doubt, a purer and a better man.

C. D. D.

The Funeral of Shelly.

The Poet Shelly, you are aware, was drowned in Italy, and buried at night by the sea shore; Byron was present; before burial they reduced the body to ashes on account of decomposition.

'Peace to his ashes! they sleep by the wave.'

To the funeral pile they bore
The breathless child of song,
Made beside the sounding shore,
That billows swept along.
At the solemn hour of night
They journeyed with the dead,
And the torch unearthly light
On the sad procession shed.

Dark and starless was the sky,
And the murmur of the surge,
Bleated with the seamen's cry,

Seemed a melancholy dirge
For him they brought to sleep
In a cold and sandy grave,
Where the blue wave of the deep
Might his form forever lave.

On boughs of mountain pine
The sleeping bard they laid,
Did the spectral moonbeams shine
Through the forest's dim arcade?
No! the torch they have applied
To the poet's funeral bed,
And afar off from the tide,
It doth a radiance shed.

Of his requiem will be sung,
When the singing sea gales blow,
And where rests his harp unstrung
Will water lily grow.
Far from the noise and strife
Of this world his ashes sleep,
For his spirit was in life
Not unlike the chainless deep.

Saturday Evening Post.

CROWNING THE WISEST.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite a favorite with the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff they were compelled to treat him civilly. Thus matters stood when the Hon. Mr. M. P. and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted in order to kill that old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay and entered into the sport and amusements, with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the worn out fashionists in the party. His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed had not the ladies, won by his respectful and pleasant civilities, and his constant attention in the drawing room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American.—They proposed to change the eternal evening waltzing and piping, by acting of charades and playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies, who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some few charades had been disposed of, one of the gentlemen begged leave to

propose the game called "Crowning the Wisest." This is played by selecting a judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answers receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, the society with which he was mingling required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was to be sure treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans or appreciated the republic.—The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension put his question:

"If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinctions of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman; will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly, "I would recommend the Falls of Niagara; a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifier, and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols: and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true Christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether of applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result, by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent upon him.

The second now proposed his question.—He affected to be a great politician, was mustachioed and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject, with which I am conversant, would most interest your people, and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain, as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, and the best government which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and, if you choose, argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce a certain triumph, said,

"I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastimes warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies—which are fairest?"

The young republican glanced round the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered.

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and love in our sex, consequently those ladies who are most admired, beloved and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest. Now I assert confidently, that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, and so respectfully treated, as in the republic of the United States: therefore, the American ladies are the fairest. But," and he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I have the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my country, we should think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic: after the mirth had subsided so as to allow the judge to be heard, he directed the crown to the Yankee.—*Ladies' Magazine.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

HISTORY OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

Among the most prominent and important of all human inventions, I place that of making books. When I consider all that is involved in making a book, all the wonderful and almost indefinite complication of the separate efforts of thought necessary to this astonishing creation, I cannot but look with respect upon a creature, born the most weak and defenceless of all animals, who has yet a mind, in which such astonishing powers inhere, that their natural development originated, by separate efforts, each prodigious in itself, that mysterious mental production, a book.

The era of the invention of letters is lost in the unrecorded ages of mythic tradition. Whether the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Sungskrit, or Arabic alphabet is the more ancient, does not appear. From the nature of the case, the invention must have preceded the record.—History and tradition concur in assigning the first recorded knowledge of letters to Cadmus, a Phœnician prince, who founded Thebes in Greece, and brought thither from Phœnicia the invention of letters, 1519 years before Christ.

Such is the vast interval between the invention of articulate language, and written and arbitrary characters, that to a reflecting mind, it becomes matter of astonishment, how this immense waste was passed over.—Indeed to a great portion of the species, it has proved an impassable gulf. That portion has never advanced beyond oral language. They who possess only oral language, are not more raised above the brutes

by their rational nature, than we are above them by the natural influence of this single invention.

How many ages must have elapsed, after the invention of written alphabetic characters, before the concurrence of all the arts could have given birth to such a product as a modern book! The most ancient form of books seems to have been thin boards, strung together, covered with wax, and written upon with an instrument called stylus, whence probably the derivation of the modern term style.

Ivory, sheet lead, the leaves and bark of trees, bleached and flat bones, succeeded waxen tablets, the inconvenience of which consisted in the ease, with which the characters might be effaced. The disadvantage of these materials consisted in their incapacity to be rolled, or bound together, so as to form that collection of leaves, called, from their original form of being rolled together, a volume. To these, and an infinite improvement upon them, succeeded papyrus, whence our term paper. This was the pellicle, or bark of an aquatic Egyptian plant, growing most abundantly in the Nile from ten to fifteen feet in height, and eighteen or twenty inches in circumference. These pellicles, properly prepared, laid at right angles to each other, like the warp and woof of cloth, glued and pressed together, and smoothed, and polished by rubbing the surface, became a beautiful, though a scarce and expensive paper.

This plant being unknown elsewhere, the supply became unequal to the demand, as writing became an art more generally diffused among the nations. Parchment, or the prepared skins of animals, a most beautiful & durable material, upon which to write, became in many countries a substitute for papyrus. For some kinds of writing it is still in use. Its original Greek name imports, that it was an invention of Pergamus, and it is commonly attributed to Eumenes, a king of that country. But from the testimony of the scriptures, and other ancient records, there can be no doubt, that parchment was an invention of a much more ancient date than the time of Eumenes.

Tables of stone, upon which the decalogue of Moses was written, the stone walls of buildings, temples and monuments, and monumental brass, have been the enduring tablets, upon which history, emblems, paintings and inscriptions, events in themselves important, or important in the estimation of those who ordered them to be engraved.

In oriental countries, where the palm tree flourishes, its broad, smooth leaves, of a yellowish white, offered cheap and natural tablets for writing. By many millions of the oriental people, they are used for that purpose to this day. The inner bark of trees, *biblos* in Greek, and *liber* in Latin, has very extensively subserved the same purpose.—Hence these two words came afterwards, to signify a book.

According to Varro, papyrus was an invention coeval with Alexander the Great, and

the building of Alexandria in Egypt. It continued the most general for writing, and an important article of commerce, until about the fifth century of the Christian era. From that time the paper of Europe was chiefly made from the inner bark of various trees, laboriously prepared. It was an art learned from Spain, into which country the knowledge of it was imported by the Arabs.

Paper of a beautiful, smooth and firm kind was known to the Chinese and Japanese from time immemorial. This is an article, with which commerce has made us all acquainted at the present day. The finest sort of paper of these countries is made of silk. The prodigious amounts of their common paper are made of bark, chiefly from that of a species of the paper mulberry. It is also out of question, that cotton was extensively used, and by various nations, for paper, fifteen hundred years ago.

The very important and essential improvement of making linen paper is claimed as the invention of the Germans, Italians, modern Greeks, and the Arabians. In regard to the era of the invention, Ray dates it no further back than 1470. There are incontestible evidences, however, of its having been used at a much earlier date. It was probably imparted by the oriental nations to the Arabians, by them to the Spanish, and by them to the rest of Europe. In making faithful research, touching the origin of many of the most important inventions, commonly supposed to have belonged to modern times, the truth is brought to light, that these inventions may be traced back from one country to another, until their commencement is lost in the darkness of ages that are without authentic record. Such views in regard not only to inventions, but to whatever is deemed most beautiful, and of the highest genius in fine writing, caused the famous Scaliger pleasantly to say,—“Perish those ancients, who have said all our good things before us!”

Paper for three centuries was manufactured on the continent of Europe much better than in England. But since the English have become the greatest manufacturing people in the world, the case is reversed, and they now manufacture the most beautiful paper. The French paper mills, and we may add those of New England, maintain an honorable competition with the English, in regard to producing the most beautiful paper. That of New England is much improved by the large importations of linen rags from Germany, which is a country renowned for the abundance and beauty of its linen. Various improvements have been introduced into this manufacture, such as that of giving the sheets any requisite length, by the use of machines for extending the sheets, and particularly by the use of the chloride of lime in bleaching it.—*Flint's Lectures on the Sciences.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

The great truth has finally gone forth to the ends of the earth, That man shall no more render account to man for his belief.—BROTHAM.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

Letters to My Sister--No. I.

THE VISION.

There's something holy in a dream,
For it doth speak of life's vicissitudes--
And paints, to him who views it as he should,
His future lot.

ACCORDING to my promise, dear sister, I shall attempt to give you an account of one of the strangest incidents of my eventful life—an incident, which though, perhaps, produced entirely by a disordered mind, has, from the time of its occurrence, exercised an almost unbounded influence over me. You may call it even more than feminine weakness, to permit so trifling a circumstance as a *dream* to control me in my most important affairs.-- But when you are made acquainted with its extraordinary character, and the singularity of the circumstances attending it, your judgment, if not entirely reversed, will at least be less severe.

You remember, sister, our last walk, when you were with me at B——, and the interesting conversation we had on that occasion. We parted at the door of our mutual friend, Mr. ——; you to enjoy the society of his amiable family and I, to prose over some dull chapter in Blackstone, or to take a lonely night-walk on the pleasant banks of the 'swift gliding Buffaloe.' I chose the latter; and wended my 'weary way,' musing on the bright scenes of youth, and painting gloomy hopes for the future—till, at length, my reverie was interrupted by my arrival at the gate of the graveyard. Indulging my deep fit of melancholy, or impelled, perhaps, by some holier motive, I entered the consecrated spot, and reclined against the remains of a venerable oak. The evening by this time was far advanced. The stars shone brilliantly, and the moon, sinking behind the western hills, emitted a feeble ray: the sturdy kings of the forest raised their heads to the clouds; the wind whistled shrilly through their giant arms; and from one of their aged branches, the ill-omened owl sent forth his discordant night-song.— It was indeed a splendid night—fraught with all that the wildest imagination could wish, or the most vivid fancy paint. My feelings were in strict accordance with the scene, and I enjoyed the full luxury of thought. I contrasted the heavens and the earth; the living and the dead; the past and the present. In all I viewed the wisdom, power, and goodness of God; and my heart burned with gratitude to Him, while I repeated that spirit-stirring song from Moore:

Thou art, Oh God! the life and light,
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine:

II.

When day, with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas up to heaven:
Those hues that make the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, LORD, are thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows oft the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD, are thine.

IV.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms the fragrant sigh:
And every flower that summer wreathes,
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

In such thoughts as these I spent a considerable time; but at length, overcome by sleep, I sunk, in silent repose, on the green sward, and had the following dream:

Methought I was in one of the most beautiful and extensive groves I ever beheld. Nature seemed to have been profuse in displaying her richest varieties. Birds, of the most delicate plumage and melodious voices, flitted from branch to branch, "making the landscape vocal with their song." Flowers of the rarest and most exquisite qualities were strewn in the greatest abundance; the choicest grapes hung in tempting clusters on every tree and shrub; and as far as the eye could reach, nothing but an endless variety of fruits and flowers could be seen. Enchanted with this delightful grove, I determined to see its extent. I traversed its distant and diversified walks, culling fresh flowers of rare and beauteous species, and feasting on the most delicious fruits. At every step I found something new to delight me. In this manner I spent my time till the sun had nearly reached its zenith—when I roused me from my heedless ramble, and to my surprise, found that I had nearly passed through the beautiful grove. A thick cloud rested behind me, and before me I heard the roar of a cataract, and saw the "bow of hope" upon the mists that rose from the agitated waters. I hastened forward, and soon stood upon the brink of a large river, which dashed its awful flood from crag to crag in threatening majesty. In a little eddy near me was fastened a slender skiff, into which I stepped, but found neither seat nor oars. I was about to leave this frail bark and its little bay, and retrace my steps through the enchanted grove, when a female figure, neatly attired, and so deeply veiled

that I could not discern her features, approached me. She was rather above the ordinary size, and from her movements, I concluded that she had but just passed the meridian of life.

"Young man," said she, in a voice at once familiar and dignified, "I perceive you are determined for a voyage. Will you try the stream alone? It is rough and dangerous, and you may need assistance. I advise you to have a companion."

"I can assure you madam," I replied, "I have no intention to attempt a voyage down so rough a stream, in so frail a bark as this, either with or without a companion. This morning I for the first time, entered the beautiful grove which lies above us. I was charmed with its variety of fruits and flowers, and pursued my course unheeding, until I was attracted here by the dashing of this cataract. I am about to retrace my steps and should, I doubt not, be pleased with your company."

She replied, "Young man, down this stream you must go. None has ever passed a second time through that enchanted grove.— All who reach this stream, must launch upon its boisterous waves—companions are provided for those who wish them. Shall I bring you one?"

"Madam, said I, if I must venture a passage down this stream, by all means give me a companion."

She waited not to reply; but glided like a meteor into the grove through which I had just passed, and was soon buried in the cloud that overshadowed it. In a very few minutes she returned, accompanied by a young lady with whom I was well acquainted, more beautiful than I had ever before beheld her.

"Here (said she) is one well worthy your confidence, and with whom you can glide down this stream with safety. My children (she continued) many are wrecked on this stream. The best safeguard, however, is mutual love, and confidence in God. Farewell—we meet again." Thus saying, she handed the young lady into the boat, gave it a gentle shove from the shore, and disappeared.

As soon as she was gone, the boisterous cataract was changed into a placid stream, and the bow of hope, which had hitherto sat upon the mists, was now placed tastefully around the brow of my companion. This sudden and magic transformation roused me from my slumbers—chilled to the very heart by the midnight dews, and mortified to find it was indeed a dream.

Sister, this is no fiction; and she who was thus presented to me in the misty visions of the night, is now the affianced bride of—

Your Affectionate Brother L. E. S.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN—NO. I.

MR. EDITOR:—It is not often that men in your calling are much troubled by remarks or observations from the opposite sex to your own. Female scribblers are rather rare; but still one is now and then to be met with, that will venture to wield the plumage of the goose. When a party long in silence, comes forward to public audience, it is mostly to assert some withheld right, or to support an injured cause. This is the case with our sex, and such is the object of what I am about to say. Long established opinions, whether truths or errors, are difficult of removal; and though they may be upheld by assertions, it requires arguments to overthrow them.

Now I have long thought, (for I have reflected some) that our sex is ill treated by yours in the literary world; and the little observation I have made in life only confirms me in the opinion. In the progression from barbarism to complete civilization, the notion of feminine inferiority seems to be the last error corrected. Because Nature has assigned different employments in life to men and women, and ours is necessarily the domestic, our self-styled *lords* have gravely declared themselves our superiors; but have never told in what respect the business of providing for our physical support and defence is a higher calling than the moral education of the whole human race, which Nature has plainly given to us. Accordingly we are denied the mental improvement we should have, and are equally capable with men of receiving, and which is absolutely necessary to man's own true happiness. Men generally, according to their caprice, make slaves or playthings of us; and thus, in the blindness of their selfishness, they mistake the very means of making their own dear selves much happier than they now are; and in aiming to gain the object of ascendancy, they lose the pleasures of the mutual pursuit of moral happiness in domestic life.

I have a thousand times been humbled with this view of the state of society.—Though the march of improvement in philosophy, in the present age, has fully established the propriety and policy of admitting our claim to equality in theory, our bondage still continues. We receive indeed a kind of polite education; but it is such as of necessity contracts our minds and places us below the other sex. Our mothers, being well taught, think with our fathers that if we can 'have manners,' and be well dressed and beautiful—ah! beautiful! that is the charm—it is

no difference to them if our minds should be as dark as oblivion itself. Marriage is made the *ne plus ultra* of all we learn in our minority, and all we practice in single life—which is only a system of coquetting, and the entire employment of early life consists in deceiving and being deceived. We are literally in the market, and when there disposed of, no further pains are taken with us. In our intercourse with men, we are addressed with flattery, wooed as though we were fools, and married to become mere household furniture. I will not bring into view the insults and base treatment we are doomed to receive, because we are females.

How different would the world be if our disabilities in this respect were removed!—We do not ask to be admitted to the field or the hall of legislation. There we have no wish to be; but we do claim a right to the equal pursuit, with men, of the sciences, literature and philosophy, so that when we enter the married state, a union may exist between the mental employment of ourselves and husbands—and that state become what Nature and Nature's God designed it—a *partnership*—in which both are equally interested, where nothing should be done without mutual consent, and each should act understandingly; and the wisdom and experience of each should be consulted on all subjects of importance. The unavoidable errors of life, at all times, render advice, concession, forbearance and forgiveness necessary to conjugal happiness; and these are virtues that are only dictated by wisdom and exercised where there is a proper cultivation of the mind.—The ignorant are always obstinate, rarely convinced of error, backward to acknowledge or correct a fault: consequently, he who has an unenlightened wife must exercise these virtues alone, in a tenfold proportion, or subject her to a kind of tyranny which invariably destroys the peace of a family where right principles have ever been observed—for where domestic happiness really exists, men relinquish all ideas of *governing*. An intelligent woman knows her duty to her husband and her family, understands the discharge of it, and, if she fall into errors, is able to correct them. Her wisdom can smooth the rough paths of life, making home the sanctuary of earthly bliss; where the father and the son can retire from the toil of worldly pursuits to the enjoyment of peaceful and happy converse, which likens it to the ante-chamber of heaven; and with a sensible partner, she can join in the culture of those moral acquirements that ennoble the heart and enlarge

the understanding. What their offspring then would learn from her, would be cherished by their father as though taught by himself; and when they leave the nursery, their first business will not be to unlearn all that has been taught them there.

Our improvement will produce matrimonial equality, and with it many pecuniary difficulties will be lessened. A wife can then taste what her companion enjoys; and his books, his philosophy and his conversation will engage and interest her, without the expense of gratifying a vitiated taste by uselessly furnishing the parlor, the wardrobe and the cupboard, and a hundred other trifles.—The reason why women value these so highly is plain—they are taught to be triflers. To an enlightened mind, how strikingly must human weakness be presented on visiting, with a mixed company, a family in middle life in this country. The males are entertained by their host with his library and intelligent conversation on subjects of interest and importance, while the poor hostess displays her china, her dresses, her quilts, her sweetmeats, etc.—which done, she can only join her guests in talking over their qualities, or digressing to discuss the business of the neighborhood. I need not say, these things ought not to be. And may I not hope that you will advocate the correction of this mistake in the education of our sex—for which, when you desire it, may you be blest with an intelligent and amiable companion, as a recompense for your labors.

You will see much in the manner of the foregoing remarks to excuse, particularly as this piece is No. I. Adieu. MARIA.

LETTERS ON ITALY.

BY M. DUPATY.

Translated for the Literary Cabinet, from the Original French.

LETTER I.—VAUCLUSE.

I arrived yesterday at Avignon. Despair not at Paris of spring—I encountered it at the entrance of the Earldom.

My first inclinations have been for the Fountain of VAUCLUSE. I know not wherefore I say yesterday, for it seems to me that I see it yet to day. I appear even now to see escape from the midst of a chain of mountains, as from the bottom of a vast funnel, a river which bounds, leaps, and all at once arrives with an impetuosity, with a thunder, with a boiling, with a foam, with falls, that the pencil of the poet or the painter cannot describe—it is the fountain of Vaucluse. One instant after, the river grows calm like a happy native whose first transports are soon moderated by good nature. It changes then its

waves of silver, into waves of azure which subside as it pours over a carpet of emeralds; but soon it is divided into a multitude of little streamlets that run across a charming valley. In departing from this valley, these streamlets reunite, and afterwards again separate, meandering along, by an hundred different routes, under the name of *Sorgue*, to bedew, fertilize, and embellish, the delicious Earldom of Avignon.

The picture that the Abbe Delille has given of that fair residence is very exact. I have verified all the verses; they speak truth, which is not always a characteristic either of travellers or poets. Poetry, however, cannot give a full and adequate idea of that place; it can only give the remembrance of it. Portraits and descriptions are alike with respect to all objects. I have not found in the verse so much tumult, nor so many murmurs, as in the fountain. One sees not there those rocks so dark, which form such an admirable contrast with the snowy whiteness of the breaking waves; neither has the poet unfolded that brilliant carpet of emeralds, on which the Naiad reposes.

Vaucluse offers at once a picture the most admirable, and a phenomenon the most singular; but I will say with the poet,—

"Those waves; that heaven; and that enchanting vale,
Than Laura and Petrarch, less move my heart."

The remembrance of Petrarch and of Laura animates all the landscape: it embellishes, it enchants it. I have sought for some traces of these lovers over all the rocks. It is then here, say I, that they came to sit together; here that Petrarch so much has loved; here that he has shed so many tears; that he has breathed so many sighs, which we yet hear! I sit on the declivity of a rock; and there, for hours am delighted with the noise of those waters; with the verdure of that turf; with the azure of that fair heaven; with the youth of spring, and the remembrance of Laura.—There I have gathered around my heart all the variety of objects which to it are dear. I have imagined all my children leaping upon that turf, running upon that shore, and striking with emulation the echoes, and my heart, with a thousand cries of happiness and joy.

Before departing, I have wished to ascertain whether, as the Abbe Delille assures us, "Echo has not forgotten the name of Laura." Not to displease the poet, the ingrate has forgotten the half of it.

Adieu! charming fountain of Vaucluse! Mankind scarce know the places where Alexander has gained his battles; but they will al-

ways remember where Laura & Petrarch have loved. The murmurs of thy wave, O Vaucluse! and the "Songs of the Gardens and the Months," will repeat them to all ages!

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

TO THE EDITOR.

In an editorial article in the thirteenth number of the "Cabinet," referring to the success of your journal, you observe, that your "prospects are brightening," and that you consider your paper as being "fully established." This I was glad to hear. For strange it is, if our community does not possess the *materiel* necessary for the support of a periodical such as yours. I know of but a very few exclusively literary papers west of the Allegheny Mountains—while thousands of our citizens are lending their support to those in the east, many of which are of quite an inferior character.

Yours is a paper more particularly intended for the youth—I do not mean *children*—but for the younger portion of the community—the *young men* and the *young women*, who are old enough to understand what they read, and to write for the entertainment and instruction of others. I have often wondered why it is that you have had so few correspondents. Certainly it is not because there are so few among us who are endowed with sufficient talents. I am rather inclined to impute it to another cause—to a want of a proper ambition—that kind of ambition which prompts to usefulness. The *Young Men* of the West, instead of holding back on such an occasion, should be the foremost to give assistance and support to an enterprise of this kind. They should be your *fellow laborers*. To that class, as you know, I belong; and I consider it to be *our* duty to assist you with our mites. The increasing prosperity of the West, next to that of our whole country, should be the object of our greatest wish. I look forward with hope to the time—and may it not be far distant!—when every honorable attempt at literature in this country, may be crowned with complete success.

I acknowledge that I had some doubts, on the announcement of your paper, whether or not you should be able to succeed; and I assure you that it has given me much pleasure to know that you have been thus far successful, and with reasonable prospect of a final triumph over every obstacle. And that you may know that I have something more *substantial* than mere congratulations to offer you, I enclose the amount of my year's subscription, together with that of two of my neighbors. * * * * R *** W ***.

APHORISM.—The laws of a nation are often the terrible punishment of their foibles.

LITERARY CABINET, AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

EDITED BY THOMAS GREGG.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, AUGUST 31, 1833.

☞ *The Court of Common Pleas will commence its session in this place next week.*

This will afford an opportunity for those subscribers who are in arrears to us, and who reside in this county, to forward their respective dues.

CORRESPONDENTS.—We thank our new correspondent 'R *** W ***,' for his kind wishes, and his *manner* of expressing his congratulations.

The communication from 'MARIA' is inserted with pleasure. There is much truth in her remarks—and we trust we shall hear from her often on the subject.

'L. E. S.' is welcome.

'LETTERS ON ITALY.'—The Letters on Italy, by M. Dupaty—the first number of which we publish to-day, are translated for our paper from the original French, by a youth under the age of *eleven*. We shall probably publish a number of them, as the work from which they are extracted has not, to our knowledge, made its appearance in our language in the Western country.

RECORD OF CRIME.—The present seems to be an age particularly marked by an unusual number of crimes committed throughout our country, and the frequent recurrence of scenes of villainy and blood. Or whether the commission of deeds of violence, is really becoming more common, or whether the periodical press is becoming more and more the organ by which they are blazoned forth to the world, is to us a matter of some inquiry. So prevalent has become the custom of recording these horrid outrages against the peace of society, that we scarcely can open a newspaper, which does not contain, in glaring capitals, some horrible detail of guilt.

It is lamentable that the newspaper press should so teem with exhibitions of this kind; and we cannot but deprecate, in the strongest terms, the course pursued by some of our otherwise most respectable journals, in thus portraying, with such scrupulous exactness, these scenes of wickedness. What good can ever result from the recital of a tale of blood? What good can be effected by holding up to the public gaze, all the deeds of infamy in which the hardened victim of the laws has

been engaged, after he has suffered the penalty due to his crimes? What benefit can be derived from thus holding up to the gaze of youthful innocence, the glaring display of atrocities and crimes, of the existence of which they were before ignorant? Surely none! But, has it not an effect quite the contrary? Has it not a tendency to weaken those virtuous principles which have been early instilled into our minds, and to strengthen that propensity to vice which is so common to all—For vice,

—seen too oft — familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Indeed, we have not the least doubt but that the exhibiting of these things to the world, to the young and virtuous of all classes of society, is productive of as great an aggregate of evil, as the whole profligate life of the abandoned wretches could have been able to produce.

We hope the conductors of the newspaper press will reflect more upon this subject.—They hold an important station among their fellow men; and it should be an object of their most anxious solicitude, as caterers for the great mass of the community, to provide such wholesome mental aliment, as will best conduce to the health and vigorous exercise of the moral system. Some of our cotemporary journals, we are happy to perceive, are becoming convinced of the evil effects of such a course, and are raising their voices against it. We hope they may long see reason to continue in the course they have adopted, and to maintain the decided stand they have assumed, in regard to this important subject.

The foregoing hasty remarks have been elicited by noticing a proposal for the republication in this country of a London periodical, entitled the “*Terrific Register, and Record of Crimes, Judgments, Providences, and Calamities.*” We are sorry that any person for the mere purposes of gain, should undertake a work which will produce such a demoralizing effect upon the community of which he is a member, and be instrumental in adding to the already enormous amount of crime our country has produced. And, however desirous we may feel for the prosperity of the *craft* in general, we cannot but hope that such a publication may prove unsuccessful.

The following quotation from the “*National Gazette*,” on this subject, speaks well for the independence and candor of the Editor of that paper. He says:

“For our own part, there is scarcely any work—any equivocal, at least—which we would not rather see enter into our families as regular read-

ing, than the one above mentioned. [The *Terrific Register.*] We are not acquainted with it, but we infer the completion of its contents from the matter of similar publications which we have seen, the horrible and shameless details which are introduced into the London newspapers, and the custom of the London presses generally to pander to curiosity and irregular appetite of what kind soever, reckless of consequences in relation to morality, order, and the balance or equality of individual character. The *Terrific Register* will be only the worse, for being illustrated by engravings and the cheapest work ever published.”

ORTHOEPY OF PROPER NAMES.—D’Israeli, in his ‘*Curiosities of Literature*,’ has a curious treatise on the different orthography of proper names. He might have gone further, and shown the great difference in orthoepy also. Proper names, unlike common nouns, can never be subject to certain rules, either in spelling or pronunciation; and however full of meaning each name might have been, in olden times, when names were *made*, and however appropriately they might have been given, yet the long series of ages which has intervened, has served to obliterate, except in a few instances, all traces of their origin.—Hence, the orthography and pronunciation of the names of individuals are subject to the caprice of the possessors. And persons unacquainted with the idiom of the language in which they were originally used, are, in some instances, unable to pronounce them at all. Many laughable examples might be mentioned, to show the different modes of pronunciation adopted by different individuals.

Many who have read foreign news for the last three years, have, no doubt, often put their *maxillary* powers in jeopardy, by attempting to give sound to all the letters composing the names of the celebrated Polish general, Skryznecki, and his adversary Diebitsch. Of the former, we have heard many ludicrous attempts. Some, in endeavoring to give every letter its proper English sound, have called it—*Scourge-neck-I*. Others, thinking this not complete, have rendered it—*Scrowdgc-him-sky-high*. While others have fortunately been saved the pain of a lock-jaw, by the utter abandonment of the attempt.—But it has been satisfactorily ascertained by actual experiment ‘down east,’ that to give this uncouth name a complete pronunciation, no better plan can be adopted, than that of taking a *pinch of snuff*; and immediately after the effect produced therefrom, adding the interjection, *Sky!* This produces the most *natural*, if not the most musical, pronunciation.

There is the name of the great Lord Chancellor Brougham, which is in every body’s mouth, and is always found to be a *mouth-full*. Here, again, we have heard the advocates for a full pronunciation, call it—*Broug ham*.

Others, *Brome*; others, *Brown*, or *Brow am*; while others, judging of the name from the *sweeping* intellect of the man, pronounce it *Broom*. This last, we are inclined to think, is the best pronunciation.

The name of the illustrious German author, the lamented Goethe, has also been subject to this difficulty in pronunciation. It has had its literal *Go-eth-e*—its short, but inharmonious *Gooth*—and its plain *Go-eth*. We have heard a pronunciation of this name, by a learned man of our acquaintance, which it is impossible to commit to paper, it being something similar in sound to the unpronounceable ‘*Ugh!*’ of our western Indians.

Our neighbor Gallagher, of the Cincinnati Mirror, likewise has a name which is subject to different modes of pronunciation. We have heard it *Gal-lag-her*, *Gal-la-her*, or *Gall-a-ger*, according to the caprice of the person who used it. This latter we do not like; for strange it would be for a man to have *Gall* in the composition of his name, who can infuse such *sweetness* into the composition of his ‘*Fugitive Poetry.*’

PARLEY’S MAGAZINE.—We are indebted to the publishers of this little work, for Part First containing one quarterly volume, in addition to our regular exchange. As a work for the instruction of children in the various departments of school learning, it excels, in our opinion, any thing of the kind we have seen. All who are acquainted with *Peter Parley’s* works, and his pleasant and agreeable manner of telling stories about Geography, History, &c. can form an idea of the merits of this attractive periodical. It is *attractive*, and by being attractive it is *useful*. Children are too apt to be negligent of books, especially when the subject is treated of in a manner unsuited to their capacities, and in a style above their comprehension. The main object in preparing books for children should be to suit them to the capacities of those for whom they are intended; and we know of none better calculated in these respects than *Peter Parley’s Magazine*.

We take a pleasure in recommending this Magazine to our young friends as a work well worth the price of subscription—which is One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Bear this motto in your minds—*Persevere.*

OBITUARY.

DIED—August 29, at the residence of the Hon. Benjamin Ruggles, his mother, ELIZABETH RUGGLES aged 86—a good old age; she was upright and prosperous in life, and happy in death.—*Communicated.*

POETRY.

HEBREW POETRY.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARAK.

Every intelligent reader of the Old Testament is aware that the Song of Deborah, contained in the fifth chapter of the book of Judges, is a hymn of exultation and triumph for a great and decisive victory gained by the Jews over the Canaanites.—It is unquestionably one of the finest specimens of Hebrew poetry; and has rarely been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed by any similar composition of ancient or modern times. Some of its passages have always been read with admiration, but still few English readers have ever been able to understand its full merit, as a whole, thro' the indistinctness of the common translation, which is in many places extremely defective, and fails to give an adequate idea of the great force and spirit of the original.

In the first volume of the History of the Jews, Mr. Milman has, in a few pages, given a condensed account of the causes which led to that great event which this Song is intended to commemorate; and has annexed a new translation of the Song itself, which no one can compare with the one contained in the common version, without being forcibly struck by the new beauties which it displays.

For a full understanding of its allusions, it is necessary to refer briefly to the condition of the Israelites at that time. About two centuries had passed after they had effected the conquest of Canaan under the guidance of Joshua, before they were led by Deborah and Barak, to their decisive victory over that vast Canaanitish army, at the great battle of Esdraelon. In the interval, they had successively resisted and defeated the encroachments and tyranny of the Mesopotamian and Moabitish kings, and enjoyed a peace of eighty years; when the events occurred which once more called them forth to war. These are thus narrated by Mr. Milman in his introduction to the Song. After referring to the eighty years of peace, he says: [Providence Lit. Jour.]

"The Canaanites in the north had grown a powerful people. Hazor, the capital of Jaban their king, was on the shore of the Samachonite lake, and his general, Sisera, was a man terrible for his valor and conduct. For twenty years he oppressed the northern tribes. Deborah, a high born woman of the tribe of Ephraim, richly endowed at least with the poetic spirit of a prophetess, was inspired with the noble design of freeing her brethren from the yoke. She sat in the open air, under a palm tree, reminding us of the Velleda of ancient Germany; and organized a strong confederacy. Ephraim, Benjamin and Manasseh as well as the northern tribes obeyed her call. She commanded Barak to draw up the forces of Issachar, Zebulon and Naphtali on the summit of Mount Tabor. The vast army of the Canaanites, nine hundred chariots strong, covered the level plain of Esdraelon at its foot. Barak burst from the mountain—the Canaanites were broken and fled. The river Kishon, which bounded the plain, was swollen, and multitudes perished in the waters. But for the criminal inactivity of the inhabitants of Meroz, an adjacent town, who did not join in the pursuit, few would have escaped. Sisera fled

and took refuge in the tent of Jael, a woman of the Kenite tribe, (the descendants of Hobab, Moses' brother-in-law.) She received him hospitably, entertained him with the pastoral refreshment of milk, and left him to repose. In his sleep, she drove one of the iron pegs of the tent into his head and killed him. Deborah's Hymn of Triumph was very worthy of the victory. The solemn religious commencement—the picturesque description of the state of the country—the mustering of troops from all quarters—the sudden transition to the most contemptuous sarcasm against the tribes that stood aloof—the life, fire and energy of the battle—the bitter pathos of the close—lyric poetry has nothing in any language that can surpass the boldness and animation of this striking production. But this hymn has great historic as well as poetic value. It is the only description of the relation of the tribes to each other, and of the state of society during the period of the Judges. The northern tribes—Zebulon—Issachar—Naphtali—appear in a state of insurrection against their oppressors: they receive some assistance from Ephraim, Manasseh and Benjamin. The pastoral tribes beyond Jordan, remain in unpatriotic inactivity. Dan and Asher are engaged in their maritime concerns; a curious fact, for we have no other intimation of any mercantile transactions of the Hebrews—as those expressions seem to imply—earlier than the reign of Solomon. Of Judah and Simeon there is no notice whatever, as if they had seceded from the confederacy; or were occupied by enemies of their own."

Thus sang Deborah and Barak, son of Abinoam:
In the day of victory thus they sang:
That Israel hath wrought her mighty vengeance,
That the willing people rushed to battle—
Oh, therefore, praise Jehovah!

Hear, ye kings! give ear ye princes!
To Jehovah, I will lift the song;
I will sound the harp to Jehovah, God of Israel!

Jehovah! when thou wentest forth from Seir!
When thou marchedst through the fields of Edom
Quaked the earth, and poured the heavens!
Yea, the clouds poured down with water;
Before Jehovah's face the mountains melted,
That Sinai before Jehovah's face,
The God of Israel.

In the days of Shamgar, son of Anath,
In Jael's days, untrodden were the highways;
Through the winding by-path, stole the traveller;
Upon the plains deserted lay the hamlets,
Even till that I, till Deborah arose,
Till I arose in Israel a mother.

They chose new Gods;
War was in all their gates!—
Was buckler seen, or lance,
'Mong forty thousand sons of Israel?

My soul is yours, ye chiefs of Israel!
And ye, the self-devoted of the people:
Praise ye the Lord with me!
Ye that ride upon the snow-white asses;
Ye that sit to judge on rich divans;
Ye that plod on foot the open way,
Come meditate the song.

For the noise of plundering archers by the wells of water
Now they meet and sing aloud Jehovah's righteous acts;
His righteous acts the hamlets sing upon the open plains,

And enter their deserted gates the people of Jehovah.

Awake, Deborah! awake!
Awake, uplift the song!
Barak, awake! and lead your captives captive,
Thou son of Abinoam!

With him, a valiant few went down against the mighty,
With me, Jehovah's people went down against the strong.

First Ephraim from the Mount of Amalek,
And after thee, the bands of Benjamin!
From Micah came the rulers of the people,
From Zebulon those that bear the marshal's staff;
And Issachar's brave princes came with Deborah,
Issachar, the strength of Barak:
They burst into the valley on his footsteps.

By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—
Why sat'st thou idle, Reuben, 'mid thy herd-stalls?
Was it to hear the lowing of thy cattle?
By Reuben's fountains, there was deep debating—
And Gilead lingered on the shores of Jordan—
And Dan, why dwelled he among his ships?—
And Asher dwelled in his sea-shore havens,
And sat upon his rock precipitous.
But Zebulon was a death-defying people,
And Naphtali from off the mountain heights.

Came the kings and fought,
Fought the kings of Canaan,
By Tanaach, by Magiddo's waters,
For the golden booty that they won not.

From the heavens they fought against Sisera,
In their courses fought their stars against him:
The torrent Kishon swept them down,
That ancient river Kishon.
So trample thou, my soul, upon their might!

Then stamped the clattering hoofs of prancing horses
At the flight, at the flight of the mighty!

Curse ye Meroz, saith the Angel of the Lord,
Curse, a two-fold curse upon her dastard sons:
For they came not to the succor of Jehovah,
To the succor of Jehovah, 'gainst the mighty.
Above all women blest be Jael,
Heber the Kenite's wife,
O'er all the women blest that dwell in tents.

Water he asked—she gave him milk,
The curded milk, in her costliest bowl.

Her left hand to the nail she set,
Her right hand to the workman's hammer—
Then Sisera she smote—she clave his head;
She bruised—she pierced his temples.
At her feet he bowed; he fell; he lay;
At her feet he bowed; he fell;
Where he bowed, there he fell dead.

From the window she looked forth—she cried,
The mother of Sisera, through the lattice;
"Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?
Her prudent women answered her—
Yea, she herself gave answer to herself,
"Have they not seized; not shared the spoil?
One damsel, or two damsels to each chief?
To Sisera a many-colored robe,
A many colored robe, and richly brodered,
Many-colored, and brodered round the neck."

Thus perish all thine enemies, Jehovah;
And those who love thee, like the sun, shine forth
The sun in all its glory!

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